A LETTER FROM The B.t of S—bury to the A.rch B.p of *Paris*. Dated, *London*, *Dec.* 31. 1706.

SINCE News at *Paris* grows so wondrous scarce,
Pray give me Leave to send you some in Verse.
I think (good Brother) this revolving Year
You did not once from your great Cousin hear:
Which we admire! Since the Most Christian King,
When Beaten, us'd to make his People sing.
Sure 'tis not his Sincerity prevails
To keep you mute, but his false Courage fails.
So Bullies swear, they Conquer when they Flie,
Till infamously Kick'd they dare not Lye.

I tell thee, Prelate, on this Glorious Day
The *British* QUEEN took her Triumphant Way,
The mighty Debt she ow'd kind Heaven, to pay.
In humble Adoration, Praise, and Pray'r,
The QUEEN, and People, clos'd the Conquering Year.

Millions of Free-born Subjects round her press'd,
To bless that QUEEN, in whom Mankind is bless'd.
Oh! Can you think it possible to be!
Their Wealth, their Bodies, and their Minds, are free
Under this Patroness of Liberty.

All but their Hearts Her Subjects call their own,
But those Her Goodness has entirely won:
Hearts that would spend each Drop that makes them beat,
To make their QUEEN, what Heaven has made Her, Great.

Oh, *Gallick* Prelate! Can you yet believe,
She cannot ask so fast as they will give?
The *Thames* that does through Her AUGUSTA run,
Will cease to flow when *ANNA's* Wealth is done.
Our Ambient Seas no more their Tides will keep,
When *Britain* is not Empress of the Deep.
When *Thesse* from *Barcelona* stole away;
The Sun, you know, was dark'ned on that Day:
But when the *British* Courage shall decline,
That Spring of Light and Heat no more shall shine.

Then warn your Tyrant e're it be too late,
To shun, if possible, impending Fate.
If he dares let you name that Dreadful Man,
Tell him, that *Marlb'rough* makes the next Campaign:
Tell him, *St. Mercer* dares assist *Eugene*,
Not with Mint-Bills, but unexhausted Coin:
Tell him, 'tis time to give his Wretches Ease,
And beg of Heaven and Earth to send a Peace:
Tell how his hard'ned Brother *Pharaoh* fell;
So shall he sink, the *British* Prophets tell.

Sold by *John Morphew* near *Stationers-Hall.* 1707.
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